

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
And for a need change shapes with *Prothem*,  
And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.  
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?  
Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe.

*Exit.*

*Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.*

*Lewis.* Welcome *Queene Margaret*, to the Court of France,  
It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,  
Sit by my side, and heere I vow to thee,  
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,  
and beate proud *Edward* from his vsurped seate,  
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.

*Queen.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,  
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,  
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

*Enter Warwick.*

*Lewis.* How now, who is this?

*Queen.* Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefest friend.

*Lewis.* Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France?

*War.* From worthy *Edward*, King of England,  
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,  
I come in kindnesse and vnfained loue,  
First to do greetings to thy royall person,  
And then to craue a league of amity,  
And lastly to confirme that amity  
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire sister,  
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

*Qu.* And if this go forward, all our hope is done.

*War.* And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,  
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,  
Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my tongue,  
To tell the passions of my Soueraignes heart,  
Where fame late entring at his heedfull cares,  
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

*Queen.*

*of Yorke and Lancaster*

*Queene.* King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heere  
Before you answer *Warwicke* or his word  
For he it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

*War.* Iniurious *Margaret*.

*Prince Edm.* And why not *Queene*?

*War.* Because thy father *Henry* did vsurp  
And thou no more art Prince then she is

*Ox.* Then *Warwicke* disanuls great *John*  
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*  
And after *John of Gaunt*, wise *Henry* the first  
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world  
and after this wise Prince *Henry* the fifth,  
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*  
From these our *Henry* is lineally descent.

*War.* Oxford, how haps that in this smother  
You told not how *Henry* the sixth had lost  
All that *Henry* the fifth had gotten.

Methinks these Peeres of *France* should  
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two yeares, a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdome

*Ox.* Why, *Warwicke*, canst thou deny  
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight yeares  
and bewray thy treasons with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford that did euer fence  
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?

For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king

*Ox.* Call him my king, by whom mine  
Brother the Lord *Arbray Vere* was done

And more then so, my father euen in the  
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,

When age did call him to the doore of death  
No *Warwicke*, no, whilst life vpholds this

This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*

*War.* And I the house of *Yorke*.

*K. Lewis.* *Queene Margaret*, Prince *Edward*  
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while.